

# SUNNY DUCROW

By HENRY ST. JOHN COOPER

## THIS STARTS THE STORY

Elizabeth Ann Ducrow, known as "Sunny," tells Bert Jackson that she intends to make something of herself and ride in a motorcar some day. They both work in a pickle factory. Sunny and Bert sing on the street for a mean street. Hungry for a day in the country and having no money, Sunny and Bert sing on the street for a mean street. Hungry for a day in the country and having no money, Sunny and Bert sing on the street for a mean street. Hungry for a day in the country and having no money, Sunny and Bert sing on the street for a mean street.

AND HERE WE CONTINUE Sunny's eyes flamed. "Dob, you're white!" she said. "Real white, and I love you for it! I didn't come here meaning to do it, but I'm going to all the same!" She stood on the tips of her toes, she put her arms round his neck, and gave him a sounding kiss. "There's your letter, old dear!" she said. "Read it when I am gone, and then—then—" She laughed. "Hold up your head and keep smiling, Dob." She turned to the door.

"Sunny!" he said. "Sunny!" He was staring at the handwriting. "Sunny, come back!" But she laughed at him from the doorway and kissed her hand to him, and a moment later she was gone.

Sunny curled her feet under her on the sofa and beamed on Lady Blessendale. "Then—then you have actually succeeded, you clever child!" her ladyship cried. "Sunny Ducrow, you have won!" "I meant to, I do it generally, and it didn't cost such a wonderful lot neither; there are two thousand pounds change instead of five."

"And—and she took it—was content; she will not attempt to—"

"No!" Sunny said. "She didn't care for him, and he was fed up, fair worded to death! Only he asked her, and being a gentleman, she had to agree to marry him, and she meant to carry them out."

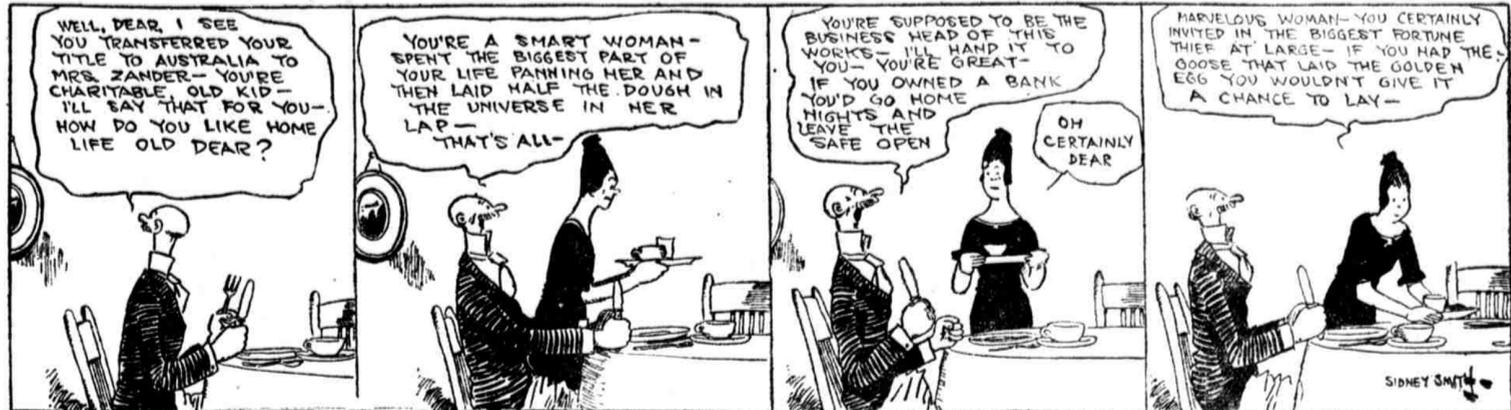
"First thing I'll get an option on them thirty-six acres right bang away," she thought. "After that, I'll get to work! Well," she opened the door of Mr. Currier's room.

"Well!" he said. "I've read it, Sunny; you—you didn't write it!" "Not at all," he said. "Bert wrote it between us."

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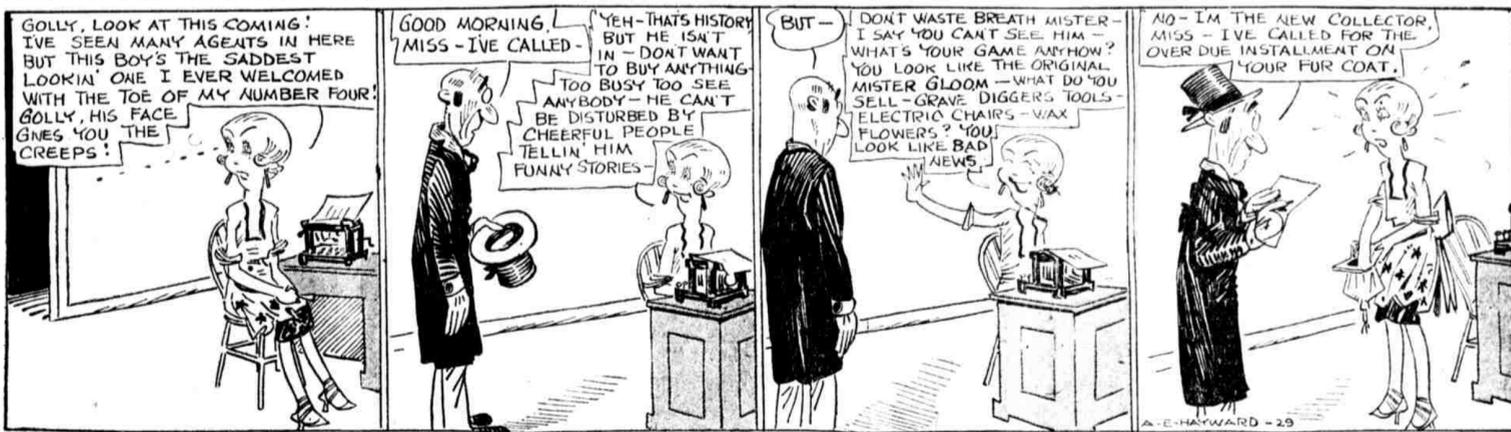
# THE GUMPS—Poor Andy, Poor Min

By Sidney Smith



# SOMEBODY'S STENOG—The Gloomy Visitor

By Hayward



# The Young Lady Across the Way

# MR. HENRY PECK

# By FONTAINE FOX

# SCHOOL DAYS

By DWIG



The young lady across the way says we don't seem to have statesmen any more of the type of Abraham Lincoln and Daniel Webster and the other signers of the Declaration of Independence.

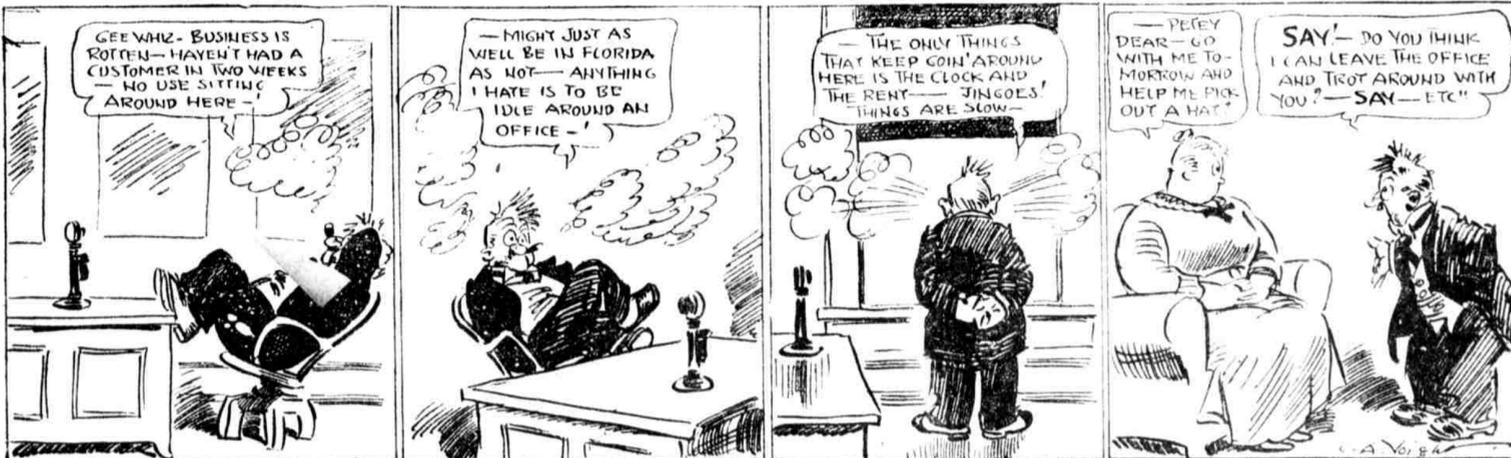


MR. HENRY PECK IS A VICTIM OF WHAT YOU MIGHT CALL A RANK INJUSTICE.



# PETEY—These Days

By C. A. Voight



# THE CLANCY KIDS—He Has Such an Open Face, Too

By Percy L. Crosby



(CONTINUED MONDAY)